

Chief Petty Officer John Hughes . . . STAND BY FOR RHUBARB PIE



WHEN the "Good Morning" is getting fit again, after his representative called at spell in hospital. In fact, he your home in Sixth-street, said something about joining Wallsend-on-Tyne, you can you in a gill or two as soon as guess what your mother was you got home again. making. One of those luscious Sidney is taking great care of your bicycle, and is still the keenest of Home Guards, not much!

She was doing it because having missed a duty. He says Edna Hughes, your sister-in-law, wanted to know how it was the end of November, and pre-done, and Sidney, your brother, parations are well in hand for still working in the shipyard, the happy event. thought he would like more of them. Yes, Mum sends her love, and is really looking forward to the

Dad had just finished his day when she can get busy afternoon nap, and said you making you some of those pies, weren't to worry about him. He when you are home again.

TO-DAY'S POEM

Dear eyes that speak to me,
With such sincerity,
that I do trust them, yes,
implicitly.
Twinkling, as laughter
ripples from your throat,
Or, flashing a rapier-thrust
at ought
unsavoury to your high
principles.
Or gazing intently through
a dimmed, wet screen,

Along a road that leads to
who knows where, or cares,
So long as one can hold the
scene
and store it.
With those sweet, serene
occasions we call epochs.
Beacons to light an oft for-
gotten past.
Memories that will forever
last.

A.M.

Duke Dangerfield

HISTORY'S WORST SCOUNDREL

IT is difficult to make out whether Thomas Dangerfield was a bigger rogue than a liar. But he was certainly both.

Coiner, thief, false informer, cowardly intriguer in Court scandals, highwayman and waster—he lived a life of villainous adventure, and when many a man or woman he had tricked, injured or betrayed would have been pleased to have cut his throat, died of an unintentional jab in the eye by a casual spectator of his whipping through the streets of London.

For that was the sentence he finally received at the hands of a society he had flouted for many years.

It was in 1661, when he was a lad of seven, that Dangerfield, son of a solicitor, first found money and articles of value "sticking to his fingers" whenever he entered any house in his native place of Waltham, Essex. From then until the end of his life, aged 37, it stuck to him in larger and larger quantities.

According to his own account of his earlier years, he started out on his career of crime by selling jewels entrusted him by citizens in a besieged Spanish town. With the money he paid his expenses back to England, and with two associates set up a den for coining gold and silver coins.

Love set him free

While on a trip to Amsterdam to get rid of some of their handiwork he was detected and thrown into jail. But by making love to the jailer's far-from-beautiful daughter he made his escape, taking the lady with him.

With her help and that of three other men, Dangerfield set up in his money-making trade in Brussels. The police were soon on their track, however, and as the penalty for coining under Spanish laws, then in force in the Netherlands, was boiling in oil, Dangerfield was lucky to escape.

His lady-love and two of the gang (so he states) suffered this gruesome death.

Returning once again to England, Dangerfield acquired a privateer and set out to plunder on the seas; but, wrecked off the Irish coast, and landing in Dublin, he began again to make false money. When things got too hot, he crossed over to Bristol to continue his "craft."

He was arrested for swindling an Exeter goldsmith and fined a small sum, and then, he says, went to London with the friend who had escaped with him from Brussels and who had accompanied him on his travels. They found they had some £1,700 between them—a great fortune in those days—and a quantity of jewellery.

Finding life a bit dull, they went back to the Continent and became spies for both the Dutch and French, then at war with each other.

Condemned to death

Caught by the Spaniards, allies of the Dutch, Dangerfield was recognised as the man who had robbed the Governor of Antwerp some time before. He was condemned to death.

But as he was being led out to be shot, a Jesuit priest, who had converted him while he was in jail, obtained his release.

After these exciting experiences Dangerfield felt like a quieter and more profitable time. He returned to England and took up coining again. Once again he was discovered. And once again he was indebted to a lady friend for his release.

As though relishing the memory of his roguery, Dangerfield relates how he brought off some very large swindles on a number of London merchants on the same day, and cleared £1,625.

With such wealth he lived

a comfortable life as a country gentleman for the next two years. At the end of that time, either because he was tired of being honest or because he came to the end of his funds, he went back to London to follow his old trade.

But by this time he must have become a marked man, for at his first attempt to pass false money he was arrested and spent a year in Newgate Jail.

This is Dangerfield's own story of his earlier years. As it stands, it is the tale of an unsavoury and unprincipled character. But it is doubtful whether much of it is true, and on it Dangerfield takes his place among the liars. But he was unquestionably among the rogues as well.

Betrayed woman's story

Another account, written by a woman whom he duped and betrayed, seems to have more truth about it.

Far from the adventurous life Dangerfield describes as his lot on the Continent, she states that he went to Spain as a gentleman's servant, was dismissed for thieving, and begged his way from door to door until he was made a soldier's servant.

It is true that he took to coining, but was soon detected, and, as he was too young to be hanged, was branded and whipped out of town.

Pilfering got him into trouble on his return to England, and he was sentenced to death. The sentence was reduced to transportation, and he was sent to Belgium, where he was thrown into prison for forgery.

Only by the charity of some English nuns was he saved from starving to death while awaiting trial, and only by the pleas of a Jesuit priest was he saved from hanging for the offence.

Back in England, he continued a career of stealing and other minor crimes; spent a good deal of time in prison, and was branded by the executioner.

The woman who gives this account of him went to the trouble of searching the records for Dangerfield's convictions. This is what she found:—

Transported	once
Branded	once
Pilloried	5 times
Fined	7 times
Outlawed	twice
Whipped through the streets	once
And eight times he had escaped from jail.	

Dangerfield did not recognise that there is honour between thieves. When, with the aid of fellow prisoners he escaped through a hole in the wall of Newgate Prison, he divulged the secret to the chief jailer. As a result, he was pardoned and his associates were punished.

Informer and plotter

With this record of villainy behind him, Dangerfield was only 25 years old. And at about this time, while in irons and tatters in Newgate Prison, he was befriended by the woman—Mrs. Cellier, a midwife with an instinct for intrigue—who afterwards exposed his record.

Paid by her, he acted as informer within the jail walls, and when he was released he got mixed up with the Popish Plot which caused such consternation in England at that time, and also with a Presbyterian Plot—both supposed to be attempting the murder of the King and the setting up of another ruler in his place.

Dangerfield alleged that he was offered £2,000 to assassinate King Charles II, and ten guineas as a sweetener on his agreeing to assassinate Lord Shaftesbury.

He stated that on two occasions he visited the noble lord, but had not the courage to strike, and that he had a pri-

vate audience with the King, but failed to take the opportunity to stab him.

Planting false evidence was not beyond him, and it was when his benefactress concealed a dangerous paper for him in a tub of meal that she was arrested and thrown into prison. Dangerfield was there himself by now, and the two prisoners were able to talk through their cell windows.

Dangerfield said he was sorry for her arrest.

Mrs. Cellier's reply was not friendly. "Bloody villain," she said. "I am innocent. I have nothing now to do but to serve God; but you are confined and one of the Devil's slaves."

Brother of Judas

Dangerfield offered her £10,000 if she would say it was the Duke of York, the King's brother, who had given her the paper found in the meal tub, and who had urged him, Dangerfield, to assassinate Shaftesbury.

Her only retort was to tell him he was worse than his elder brother, Judas!

Eventually the jailer nailed up their windows.

So deeply concerned were Mrs. Cellier and Dangerfield in the plots that the Privy Council held an enquiry into their activities. In the end, Dangerfield, by pretending to reveal all he knew, got a pardon, while Mrs. Cellier went for trial on a charge of conspiring to kill the King.

She was found not guilty, after one of the usual long-winded trials of the day—but she had been a prisoner for 32 weeks, and had nothing to recompense her for her charity towards Dangerfield.

Highwayman's diary

Dangerfield now left London and set about recouping his fortunes. He thought of an easier way still of making money. Instead of manufacturing it, he merely relieved other people of it. In short, he turned highwayman.

He kept a diary of his takings. There are such entries as: Of a Farmer near Missenden, 5s.; Of a Parson, 6s.; Of a Woman, 5s. On the road between Bicester and Oxford in one morning he collected 48s.

But all his intended victims did not come up to his expectations. An entry, "much injured by a Parson," shows that he met someone who stood his ground and gave better than he received. On another occasion he lost his pistols. Evidently he had to ride for it.

Once he and his confederate, formerly his servant, were pursued, and Dangerfield escaped only after being severely wounded in the arm.

For some reason or other he was mistaken sometimes for the Duke of Monmouth, pretender to the throne. But what civility he received on this account he turned by swindling.

At last he came into the hands of the authorities. He was sentenced to stand in the pillory and to be whipped through the streets from Aldgate to Newgate and from Newgate to Tyburn on two separate days.

It was while he was returning from Tyburn after the second whipping that a man, a complete stranger, came to the coach window and tauntingly asked him "how he liked his race and how he did after his heats."

One in the eye

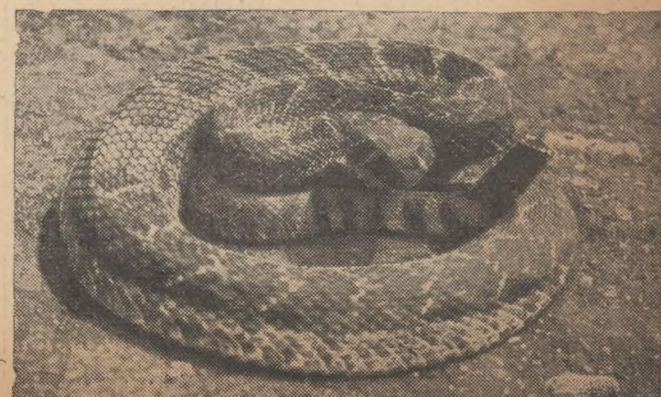
Dangerfield replied furiously, "You are the son of a whore." The man, at that, thrust at him with a light cane he was carrying. The sharp end of the cane pierced Dangerfield's eye, and he died from the wound.

By his death, this callous, mean-hearted rogue and liar caused the worst hurt he had ever inflicted. It is not recorded that he ever killed a man; but the unfortunate fellow who assaulted him was tried for murder and was hanged.

D. N. K. BAGNALL

A Rattling Good Story

FOR many years the London Zoo was without a rattlesnake. The first specimen was taken there from Texas in 1919. In 1939, the year of the 100th festival of the Zoo, a microphone was installed in the rattlesnakes' cage, and its rattle was broadcast for the first time.



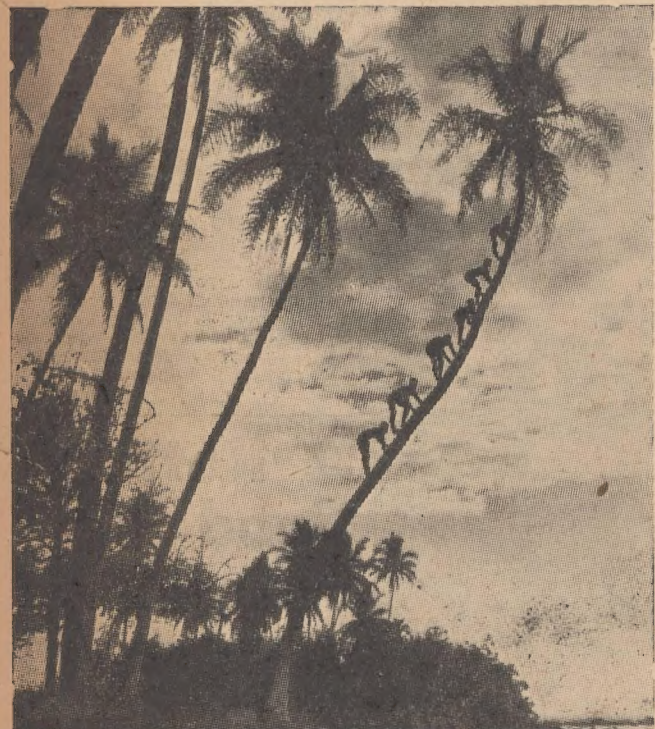
Periscope
PageWANGLING
WORDS—88

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after ROSO, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of THREE HAD ALE, to make a country town near London.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: RACE into CARD, WAY into OUT, PESTS into PEACE, KEEP into SAKE.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from MECHANISATION?

Answer to Wangling
Words—No. 87

1. EMBLEM.
2. ABERDEEN.
3. BEES, BETS, BATS, FATS, FATE, RATE, ROTE, ROSE, RUSE, FUSE, FUZE, FUZZ, BUZZ.
4. Side, Dies, Dine, "Shin, Shew, Wish, Wide, Wire, Weds, Shed, Dish, Dire, Ride, Dews, Wise, Wine, etc.
5. Shine, Whine, Resin, Shire, Snide, Wider, Heirs, Shrew, Weird, Diner, Shins, Whins, etc.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Boys will have their little joke, of course. These "dark horses" are playing—"Follow my Leader," Looking for Incoming Steamers, Collecting Coconuts, Playing "Six Little Nigger Boys," or maybe Going to High Dive for Coins. We give it up. What do you think? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 125: Gorilla.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

- My first's in MESSINA, and not LICATA,
My second's in SCHERZO, and not SONATA,
My third is in ETNA, not SYRACUSE,
My fourth is in WARSHIP, not in CRUISE,
My fifth is in TRAIN, but not in BUSTER,
My sixth's in PALERMO, so not AUGUSTA.

(Answer on Page 3)

WHAT IS THE MYSTERY
OF MR. HYDE?

A FORTNIGHT later, by an excellent good fortune, the doctor gave one of his pleasant dinners to some five or six old cronies, all intelligent, reputable men, and all judges of good wine; and Mr. Utterson so contrived that he remained behind after the others had departed.

This was no new arrangement, but a thing that had befallen many scores of times. Where Utterson was liked, he was liked well. Hosts loved to detain the dry lawyer, when the light-hearted and the loose-tongued had already their foot on the threshold; they liked to sit awhile in his unobtrusive company, practising for solitude, sobering their minds in the man's rich silence after the expense and strain of gaiety.

To this rule Dr. Jekyll was no exception; and as he now sat on the opposite side of the fire—a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty, with something of a stylish cast, perhaps, but every mark of capacity and kindness—you could see by his looks that he cherished for Mr. Utterson a sincere and warm affection.

"I have been wanting to speak to you, Jekyll," began the latter. "You know that will of yours?"

A close observer might have gathered that the topic was distasteful; but the doctor carried it off gaily.

"My poor Utterson," said he,

Dr. JEKYLL and Mr. HYDE

By R. L. Stevenson

"you are unfortunate in such a client. I never saw a man so distressed as you were by my will, unless it were that hide-bound pedant, Lanyon, at what he called my scientific heresies. Oh, I know he's a good fellow—you needn't frown—an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him; but a hide-bound pedant for all that, an ignorant, blatant pedant. I was never more disappointed in any man than Lanyon."

"You know I never approved of it," pursued Utterson, ruthlessly disregarding the fresh topic.

"My will? Yes, certainly, I know that," said the doctor, a trifle sharply. "You have told me so."

"Well, I tell you so again," continued the lawyer. "I have been learning something of young Hyde."

The large, handsome face of Dr. Jekyll grew pale to the very lips, and there came a blackness about his eyes. "I do not care to hear more," said he. "This is a matter I thought we had agreed to drop."

"What I heard was abominable," said Utterson.

"It can make no change. You do not understand my position," returned the doctor, with a certain incoherency of manner. "I am painfully situated, Utterson; my position is a very strange—a very strange one. It is one of those affairs that cannot be mended by talking."

"Jekyll," said Utterson, "you know me: I am a man to be trusted. Make a clean breast of this in confidence, and I make no doubt I can get you out of it."

"My good Utterson," said the doctor, "this is very good of you, this is downright good of you, and I cannot find words to thank you in. I believe you fully; I would trust you before

Who is it?

He is the son of a professional cricketer. Was an unsuccessful draper's assistant. Worked in a chemist's shop, and became a school teacher. Studied science, wrote a history of the world, foretold the present war in a famous film, has scores of novels to his credit, and is still writing. Second name, George. Who is he?

(Answer on Page 3)

JANE



great, a very great, interest in that young man; and if I am taken away, Utterson, I wish you to promise me that you will bear with him and get his rights for him. I think you would, if you knew all; and it would be a weight off my mind if you would promise."

"I can't pretend that I shall ever like him," said the lawyer.

"I don't ask that," pleaded Jekyll, laying his hand upon the other's arm. "I only ask for justice; I only ask you to help him for my sake, when I am no longer here."

Utterson heaved an irrepressible sigh. "Well," said he, "I promise."

(To be continued)

There is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

Edmund Burke
(1729-1797)

BRAIN
TEASER

DO THESE GET YOU DOWN?

1. The song says "I've got you under —."
2. You're under what when you're in the way?
3. Most of us root for the under —.
4. He gets us all in the end, the under —.
5. If you're hen-pecked, you're under the — of your wife.
6. You keep a secret under your —.
7. You're being under — when you're not playing straight.

(Answer on Page 3)

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together.

- (a) FOILS SPORT.
- (b) ERE THROBS STIR.

(Answers on Page 3)

QUIZ
for today

1. What is a bleak?
2. Who wrote (a) "Don Juan," (b) "Don Quixote"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Jam, Marmalade, Honey, Lemon Curd, Bramble Jelly?
4. What is the bolero?
5. On what river does Rome stand?
6. What is a bombyx?
7. What is meant by caco-graphy?
8. What is a catalpa tree?
9. Who was Nigel Oliphant?
10. The name of the malarial mosquito is: Aristophanes, Anopheles, Anaximenes, Anaxagoras, Anaximander?
11. What is the dodo?
12. What is a cinch?

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Project.
4. Nothing.
9. Smooth hard coating.
11. Fence bar.
13. Write badly.
14. Member of choir.
15. Pick-me-up.
16. Kindled.
17. Tyrannise.
19. Formal.
21. Space of time.
22. Went before.
25. Neither.
26. Undergoes oxidation.
29. River fish.
31. Mail-boat.
32. Noble.
33. Dress.
34. Boil.
35. Compass point.

CLUES DOWN.

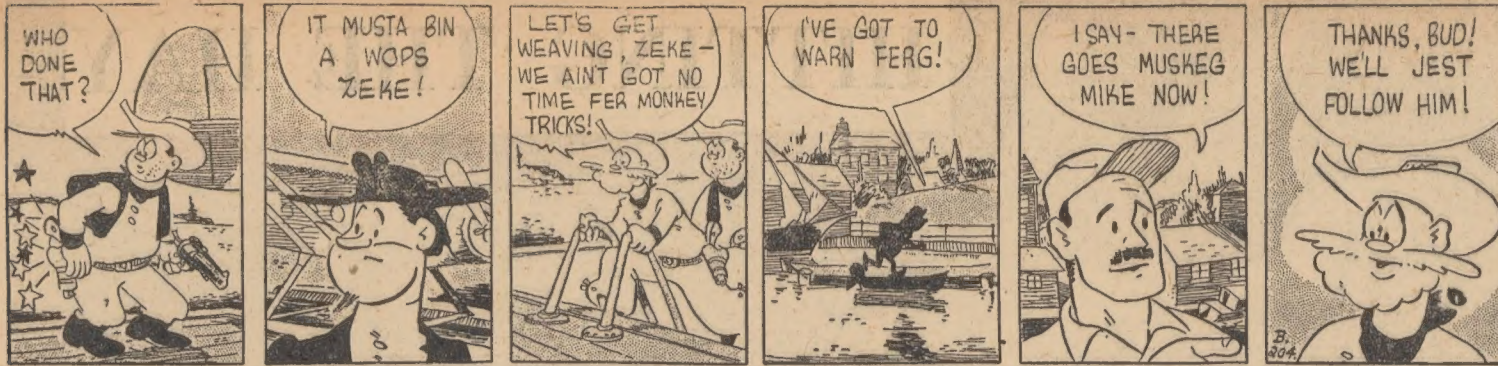
1. Joke.
2. Take lid off.
3. Mountain lake.
4. Fresh arrival.
5. Completely.
6. Unit of weight.
7. Hesitated.
8. Bird.
10. Girl.
12. Sideless wagon.
16. Free.
18. Of the Orient.
19. Set at intervals.
20. Holding.
23. Fishing boat.
24. Conduit.
27. Pelt.
28. Simmer.
30. Owns.
31. Cry of disgust.

PREVENT
COAX MART
SONG FIGURE
POD WIN GAY
ITERATED VE
N REV NOB L
AS DESCRIBE
COB LIE CAT
HOLDER LESS
TOUT GAPE
BESTOWS

Answers to Quiz
in No. 125

1. The golden thrush.
2. (a) J. B. Priestley, (b) Oliver Goldsmith.
3. Dahlia is a garden flower; the others are wild.
4. Lars Porsena, in "Horatius."
5. The rivers of Damascus.
6. A North American Indian's baby.
7. A flying island in "Gulliver's Travels."
8. The woody nightshade.
9. Character in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair."
10. Mercury.
11. (a) A French painter, (b) an English painter.
12. MCMXLIII.

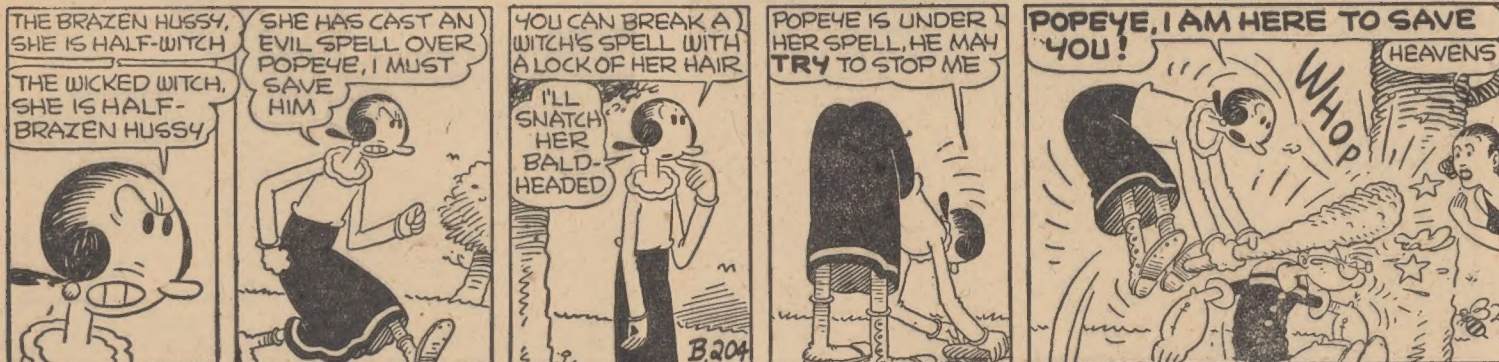
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



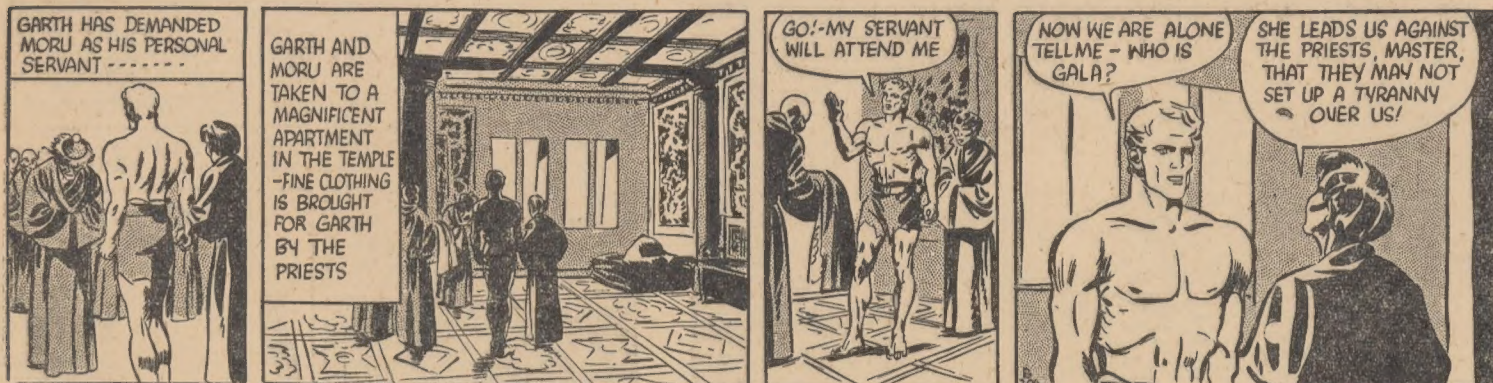
Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



ODD CORNER

SEVENTY years ago an infantry barracks was erected at Gosport, and the authorities went down to inspect the new building. They thought the style was rather strange—there was one storey below the ground and one above, while a big verandah stretched along the whole length, back and

front. Somebody asked questions, and found that the builders had used plans intended for a barracks in India, and that the Gosport plans had been used in India at the same time. The Gosport barracks remain, and are still called the New Barracks.

Letters still arrive in London for Sherlock Holmes, the famous detective of fiction,

who has been believed in as a real person all over the world for half a century. According to Conan Doyle's stories, Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson lived at 221b Baker Street, but at present there is a gap between numbers 219 and 225, filled by Abbey House, a block of offices. A letter recently addressed to "Mr. Sherlock Holmes," bearing a foreign postmark, was delivered here

by the postman. It came from an aged couple requesting a little financial help from the famous detective.

When H. G. Wells's "War of the Worlds" was broadcast in New Jersey in 1938, thousands of people mistook it for an emergency "news" item. The story relates an imaginary invasion of the earth by Martians, who ar-

rived here in shells fired at intervals from Mars.

One was stated to be falling near Trenton, the State capital, and people fled from their homes, police cars and ambulances raced through the streets, the congregation at a Baptist church began praying for deliverance, and in Newark a report was spread that the town was about to be attacked with gas bombs.

Solution to Allied Ports METHIL

Answers to Mixed Doubles.

- (a) PROFIT & LOSS.
(b) BROTHER & SISTER.

Answer to WHO IS IT? H. G. WELLS.

Answers to BRAIN TEASER.

1. My skin. 5. Thumb.
2. Under foot. 6. Hat.
3. Dog. 7. Hand.
4. Taker.

Will you be in the news at 80?

HAROLD ALBERT

HE was born in a Michigan farmhouse—a typical wooden shack of the pioneer era—and is now the world's richest octogenarian. He retired from business ten years ago with an amassed fortune reputed to stand at £100,000,000. Now, at 80, he has gone back to work, having outlived the son who managed his business.

The name, of course, of Henry Ford is still hot news. He is the man behind the Jeep—thousands of Jeeps—and the man behind the hallyhoo, the breakdown, and the Liberator bombers delivered at last from Willow Run.

He has made and sold 30,000,000 cars, this amazing man. Yet his doctors have to watch him lest he tire himself cycling.

He could live, if he chose, in the style of a prince of the Arabian Nights: or better. Instead, he rises at dawn and goes out to chop wood for his own home fires. "It warms me twice!" he declares.

ANCHORED TO LAMP-POST.

Henry Ford is like that. He has been big news for the last forty years, and enjoys it. He assembled his first car in a shed attached to his house. When he went out with it, it really did frighten horses and block the traffic.

People often tried to steal it for a joke. So the first Ford car had a padlock, and whenever he went into a shop Henry Ford linked it up to a lamp-post.

The firm for whom he worked demanded that he should give up his time-wasting experiments. Ford accepted the sack, so sure was his faith in cars. Then a group of business men backed him, but wanted him to make a few cars, with a fat profit on each one. Ford dreamed of mass-production, with a tiny profit per chassis. So he sacked himself again.

Even so, he was past forty before he founded the Ford Company. His first flivver seemed such a cause for mirth that people said a squirrel was given with every car—to run behind and pick up the nuts.

They laughed less when Ford ran a car up Ben Nevis, a remarkable endurance test for those days.

But the total Ford shares were still worth only £6,000. When the Ford family decided, years later, to buy up all the shares remaining in the stock markets, they had to pay £15,000,000 for shares with a face value of £3,000.

ON THE FARM.

When Mr. Churchill once said that Britain could never be self-supporting, Ford bought an Essex farm—just to show him. Ten years ago the Fordson Farm produced £11,000 worth of produce. Last year it topped a £100,000 output.

Recently he bought Anne Boleyn's cottage for some of his farm workers. Anne Boleyn strangely attracts him. (Is it because he has been ironically called Henry the V-Eighth?)

He once bought a house she had lived in near Hampton Court, intending to take it piecemeal to America, but thought better of it.

His agents once negotiated with the Bishop of London for the purchase of a City church for removal to the States—and thought better of that!

He was speedy on foot, too. He set up a speed record of 91.37 m.p.h. way back in 1903. He did it on foot—in fact, on ice skates on the frozen surface of Lake St. Clair, Michigan.

Ford's first car was crazy. It couldn't be driven in reverse, and if you wanted to turn round you had to get out and lift it with sheer man-power.

Yet in the end Ford had so perfected his system that he had his own fleet of ships to carry Ford parts to assembly plants in thirty different countries.

BEATEN BY INSECT.

He even tried to open a great new rubber empire by clearing the jungle hundreds of miles up the Amazon and laying out huge plantations. An anti-rubber insect was busy that year, however—and wrecked the scheme.

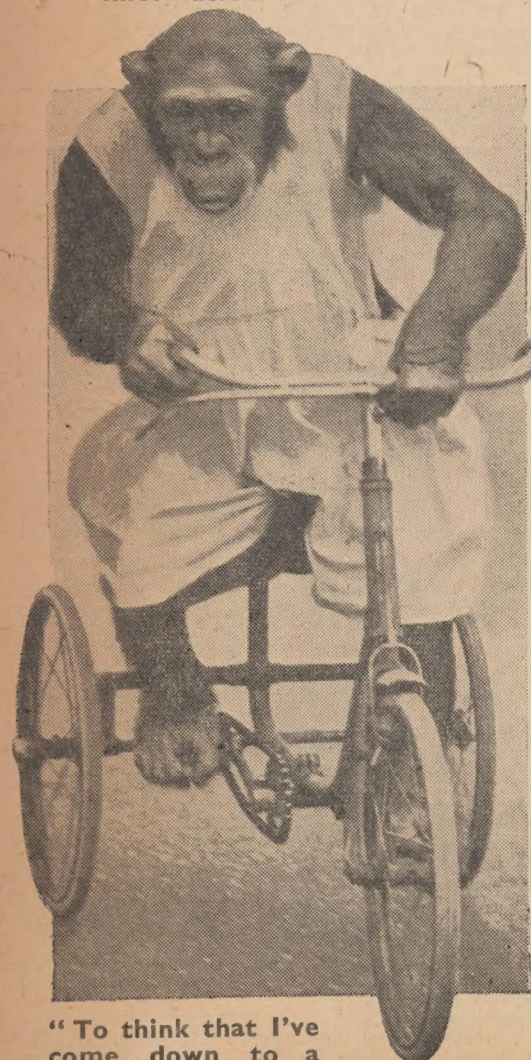
To-day, Ford is making planes even faster than he ever made cars. Willow Run is turning out the promised goods. Behind all the stories, the great empire of Henry Ford is marching on. . . .

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



If this boy gets much closer, he's sure going to get some "inside" information.



"To think that I've come down to a three-wheeler. Oh, for the days of my tight-rope act."

This England

Looks like a fairy story illustration. Actually it's within a stone's throw of that delightful beauty spot in Surrey, Friday Street.



HITTING THE HAY

Now we understand the popularity of the song "To be a Farmer's Boy." Who wouldn't spend their holidays harvesting with Michele Morgan. Boy, oh, boy! The thought makes us go all hay-wire.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"This is no place for a parson's son."



BYE-BYE !

"I may be getting a big girl, but I'm going to wave to my daddy, even if I DO show my tummy."